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Editor's note:

This is not a piece about objectifying women. This is a love letter to the divine energy of femininity—how it moves, how it heals, how it brings me back to life. If that makes me sound over-the-top, good. Because women deserve more than modest praise. They deserve poetry

Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

The other night, I went out dancing.

Some guy got jealous.

He wouldn't let me dance with his girl.

And honestly...

I couldn't have been more flattered.

I joke with one of my lady friends that when I go dancing, I'm doing a public service for all women.

Sounds crazy...

And extremely arrogant...

But that doesn't mean it isn't true.

Some of these women have been alone or stuck in a lifeless relationship for decades.

Some of them can't remember the last time a man made them feel sexy.

Sometimes, there's an older lady sullen in a corner.

Nobody's dancing with her.

I always do.

Try to imagine what life is like for me as a salsa dancer.

I'm an expert at making women smile, laugh, and play.

Sounds like a public service to me.

I feel like Batman in my black car.

Like I'm fighting crime one woman at a time.

By the end of the night, I feel like I have more lady friends than anyone.

I dance with everyone twice.

And...

When I do...

I make them feel seen.

Not looked at.

Seen.

There's another girl.

She stares longingly into my eyes for the whole song.

This is very unusual.

But she does it every time.

She never says a word.

But somehow, telepathically, we understand each other perfectly.

She never looks away.

And, she's not a great dancer.

Yet each dance feels like a precious gift for both of us.

When the dance ends, she's filled with gratitude.

I'm giving her something she desperately needs.

Something rare and hard to find.

Last night, after a year of dancing with this silent vixen, she introduced her boyfriend to me for the first time.

I look over her shoulder, and he gives me a fleeting look of murderous intent as we dance together.

The song ends.

Then, off I go to the next one.

I know what I like.

And I love brunettes.

Viscerally. Artistically. Spiritually.

I will skip three blondes to talk to a brunette.

They do something to me.

There's a frequency brunettes give off.

I see a long brunette maine...

And I'm like a bull seeing red.

And for whatever reason—they tend to love me back.

So, yesterday I made a wall. Right above my desk. I call it:

The Wall of Brunettes.



Now, THAT'S what I call a vision board!

My friend Joanne got me this deck of cards for my birthday.

She knows me so well.

I've had them for over a year, but I was too embarrassed about displaying them until now.

I didn't want to be viewed as tacky, or worse.

But when I think about the human that I am...

I just love women.

All day long.

Now that I'm out in the dancing scene after a long stretch of isolation, that feeling is clearer than ever.

I'm reveling in all the female energy.

It's giving me life.

I savor it.

There's nothing like coming home after a night full of dancing and smelling like eight different women.

I sniff and reminisce.

But then the other day, I asked an internet marketer friend what I should do to grow my brand. She goes:

"You need a clear customer avatar. Focus on divorced men."

Divorced men.

Yikes.

No offense to the bros out there, but that sounds like my actual worst nightmare.

Surrounding myself with sad men?

No girls anywhere?

Shoot me now.

I'll gladly coach men—but not at the expense of writing for women.

I have a massive—and I mean massive—preference for women over men. Always have. Always will.

If I were the last man on Earth, and the rest of the population was a tribe of Amazons, I'd be thriving.

They could feed me scraps and make me sleep in a damp cave—I'd still die smiling.

Let the matriarchy rise—I'll bring the lotion.

We need a female president with an all-female cabinet, to bring the United States to a new golden age. Don't knock it till you try it.

It's to the point where literally all of my close friends are women.

And, I've noticed something strange...

What passes for friendship among men would NEVER fly with women.

But that's a story for another day.

Point is: I'm not here to diss men.

I just adore women.

Why is this so deeply wired in me?

Lol. Can you blame me?

But, seriously, there are reasons for this.

I'm not just some cartoon character.

There were forces in my environment which made this preference develop inside me.

Growing up in a misogynistic country.

Seeing men dominate women.

Abuse them.

Rape them.

Devalue them.

And get away with literal murder.

Conversely, the women in my life growing up possessed remarkable character.

They were far more empathetic.

Far more underrated.

But it's clear enough to me now that when I dance — I'm doing it for them.

My internet marketer friend got me shook after recommending an all-male audience.

It made me want to go in the opposite direction.

And write something that caters explicitly to women.

So today, this post isn't for guys.

This one's for women — because you stir something holy and unhinged in me.

From here, I'm going to let Romeo Santos do the talking.

I must admit, I have a way with words.

But when it comes to speaking to the ladies.

Romeo is the king.

This is a little secret I stumbled upon.

Shhhh.

Romeo is the real deal.

He understands women and what they want.

So, to the ladies reading this:

Pull up a chair. Light a candle. Pour a glass of whatever makes you feel delicious.

I will let Romeo take it from here...

Dicen que eres un juego peligroso... pero yo nunca he rehuido el riesgo.

✓ They say you're a dangerous game... but I've never shied away from risk.

No investigaré biografías ni quiero interrogarte.

✓ I won't investigate biographies nor do I want to interrogate you.

Los tropiezos y errores no te impiden ser una mujer.

✓ Stumbles and mistakes don't stop you from being a woman.

Aunque algunos tocaron tu cuerpo, solo yo llegué a tu alma.

✓ They may have explored your skin, but only I sailed your soul.

Aunque me prestes tu diario no dejaré de amarte.

✓ Even if you lend me your diary, I won't stop loving you.

Relaja tu conciencia, afloja tus pantalones para mí.

✓ Relax your conscience, loosen your pants for me.

Solo tengo el apellido de un santo, pero me siento celestial si estoy contigo.

✓ I only have the surname of a saint, but I feel heavenly if I'm with you.

Soy capaz de lo imposible por ti, mi cielo.

✓ I'm capable of the impossible for you, my heaven.

Te doy tu amistad y mi fortuna, me convierto en astronauta para llevarte a la luna.

✓ I give you friendship and my fortune, I become an astronaut to take you to the moon.

Eres mi diosa y hasta moriría por ti.

✓ You're my goddess and I'd even die for you.

Hago un pacto con el diablo y le ofrezco toda mi alma sin pensar en mi futuro.

✓ I make a pact with the devil and offer him my entire soul without thinking about my future.

Enciendo una vela en mi armario y luego digo una oración porque eres mi santa.

✓ I light a candle in my closet and then say a prayer because you're my saint.

Y solo creo en Dios y en ti, mi amor.

✓ And I only believe in God and in you, my love.

Amarte fue un veneno que bebí con gusto.

✓ Loving you was poison I drank gladly.

Te fallé, sí. Pero fallé por amarte.

✓ I failed you, yes. But I failed by loving you.

Perdí, no fui el primero ni el último en perder.

✓ I lost, I wasn't the first nor the last to lose.

Nuestro amor fue un fuego sin salida de emergencia.

✓ Our love was a fire with no emergency exit.

Tu ausencia tiene un nombre, y lo repito cada noche.

✓ Your absence has a name, and I repeat it every night.

Bailamos con nuestras almas incluso si nuestros cuerpos ya no se tocan.

✓ We dance with our souls even if our bodies no longer touch.

Fuiste verso y herida, canción y silencio.

✓ You were verse and wound, song and silence.

Lo que tuvimos fue tan intenso que aún arde en el olvido.

✓ What we had was so intense it still burns in forgetting.

Mentí dulcemente, pero te amé de verdad.

✓ I lied sweetly, but loved you truly.

Rompiste mi alma, sin embargo, todavía escribo canciones sobre ti.

✓ You broke my soul, yet I still write songs about you.

Te di todo, y aún así te fuiste.

✓ I gave you everything, and you still left.

Perderte fue como morir estando despierto.

✓ Losing you was like dying while still awake.

En cuestiones de amor, a veces la mejor elección es dejar ir.

✓ In matters of love, sometimes the best choice is to let go.

El amor no conoce límites; rompe todas las barreras.

✓ Love knows no boundaries; it breaks through all barriers.

Los amantes no mueren... se convierten en canciones.

✓ Lovers don't die... they become songs.

El corazón no aprende, vuelve a tomar el mismo examen para siempre.

✓ The heart doesn't learn—it retakes the same exam forever.

Si me dejas invitarte te daré lo que necesitas.

✓ If you let me invite you, I'll give you what you need.

Si quieres una película, nena, tengo las entradas.

✓ If you want a movie, baby, I have the tickets.

¿Y si te compro una bebida y me acerco a tu boca?

✓ And if I buy you a drink and get close to your mouth?

Cuando disparo, mi puntería no falla.

✓ When I shoot, my aim doesn't fail.

Quítate el vestido y brindemos por el amor.

✓ Take off your dress and let's toast to love.

Until next time,

Anton Volney

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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